

THE
L I F E
O F
Mr. THOMAS HOBBS
O F
MALMESBURY.

Written By himself

In a LATINE POEM.

And now Translated into ENGLISH.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED for A. C. and are to be sold in *Fleetstreet*,
and without *Temple-bar*. 1680.

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THE

LIBRARY

OF

MR. THOMAS HOBBS

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Printed by J. Smith

IN A LATE EDITION

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1780

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Mr. Thomas Hobbes
OF
MALMESBURY.

I N Fifteen hundred eighty eight, Old Style,
When that Armada did invade our Isle,
Call'd the *Invincible*; whose Flight was then,
Nothing but Murd'ring Steel, and Murd'ring Men;
Most of which Navy was disperst, or lost,
And had the Fate to Perish on our Coast:
April the fifth (though now with Age outworn)
I'th' early Spring, I, a poor worm, was born.
In *Malmesbury* Baptiz'd, and Named there
By my own Father, then a Minister.
Many things worth relating had this Town;
And first, a Monastery of Renown,
And Castle, or two rather it may seem,
On a Hill seated, with a double Stream

Almost environ'd, from whence still are sent
 Two Burgeffes to fit in Parliament.
 Here lie the Bones of Noble *Athelstane*,
 Whose Stone-Effigies does there remain;
 Who for reward gave them the Neighbouring Plains,
 Which he had moistned with the Blood of *Danes*.
 Here was the *Roman* Muse by *Adelm* brought,
 Here also the first *Latin* Schole was taught.
 My Native place I'm not asham'd to own;
 Th'ill Times, and Ills born with me, I bemoan:
 For Fame had rumour'd, that a Fleet at Sea,
 Wou'd cause our Nations Catastrophe;
 And hereupon it was my Mother Dear
 Did bring forth Twins at once, both Me, and Fear.
 For this, my Countries Foes I e'r did hate,
 With calm Peace and my Muse associate.
 Did Learn to speak Four Languages, to write
 And read them too, which was my sole delight.
 Six years i'th' *Greek* and *Latin* Tongue I spent,
 And at Fourteen I was to *Oxford* sent;
 And there of *Magd'len*-Hall admitted, I
 My self to *Logick* first did then apply,
 And sedulously I my Tutor heard,
 Who Gravely Read, althou' he had no Beard.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralypton,
 These Modes hath the first Figure; then goes on
Cæsare, Camestres, Festino, Baroco, Darapti,
 This hath of Modes the same variety.
Felapton, Disamis, Datisi, Bocardo, Ferison;
 These just so many Modes are look'd upon.
 Which I, tho' slowly Learn, and then dispense
 With them, and prove things after my own sence.
 Then *Physicks* read, and my Tutor Display'd,
 How all Things were of Form and Matter made.
 The Aëry Particles which make Forms we see,
 Both Visible and Audible, to be
 Th' Effects of Sympathy, Antipathy.
 And many things above my reach Taught me.
 Therefore more pleasant studies I then sought,
 Which I was formerly, tho' not well Taught.
 My Phancie and my Mind divert I do,
 With Maps Celestial and Terrestrial too.
 Rejoyce t' accompany *Sol* cloath'd with Rays,
 Know by what Art he measures out our Days;
 How *Drake* and *Cavendish* a Girdle made
 Quite round the World, what Climates they survey'd;
 And strive to find the smaller Cells of Men.
 And painted Monsters in their unknown Den.

Nay there's a Fulness in Geography ;
 For Nature e'r abhor'd Vacuity.
 Thus in due time took I my first Degree
 Of Batchelor i'th' Univerfity.
 Then *Oxford* left ; serv'd *Ca'ndish* known to be
 A Noble and Conspicuous Family.
 Our College-Rector did me Recommend,
 Where I moft pleasantly my Days did fpend.
 Thus Youth Tutor'd a Youth ; for he was ftill
 Under Command, and at his Father's will :
 Serv'd him full twenty years, who prov'd to be,
 Not a Lord only, but a Friend to Me.
 That my Life's sweeteft Comfort was, and made
 My Slumbers pleafant in Nights darkeft fhade.
 Thus I at Eafe did Live, of Books, whilft he
 Did with all forts fupply my Library.
 Then I our own Hiftorians did perufe,
Greek, Latin, and Convers'd too with my Mufe.
Homer and *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Sophocles*,
Plautus, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*,
 I underftood, nay more ; but of all thefe,
 There's none that pleas'd me like *Thucydides*.
 He fays Democracy's a Foolifh Thing,
 Than a Republick Wifer is one King.

This Author I taught *English*, that even he
 A Guide to Rhetoricians might be.
 To Forrain Countries at that time did I
 Travel, saw *France, Italy, Germany*.
 This Debonaire Lord th' Earl of *Devonshire*,
 I serv'd complete the space of twenty year.
 His Life by Sicknes Conquer'd, fled away,
 T'exchange it for a better the last day.
 But yet provided ere he di'd for me,
 Who liv'd with little most contentedly.
 I left my pleasant Mansion, went away
 To *Paris*, and there eighteen Months did stay,
 Thence to be Tutor I'm call'd back agen,
 To my Lord's Son, the Earl of *Devon* then.
 This Noble Lord I did instruct when young,
 Both how to Speak and Write the *Roman* Tongue;
 And by what Arts the Rhetor deceives those
 That are Illiterate; taught him Verse and Prose;
 The Mathematick Precepts too, with all
 The Windings in the Globe Terrestrial;
 The whole Design of Law, and how he must
 Judge between that which Equal is and Just.
 Seven years to him these Arts I did Explain:
 He quickly Learnt, and firmly did retain.

We spent not all this time in Books alone,
 Unless you'll take the World for to be one;
 Travel'd through *Italy* and *France*, did view
 The sweet Retirements of *Savoy* too.
 Whether on Horse, in Coach, or Ship, still I
 Was most Intent on my Philosophy.
 One only thing i'th' World seem'd true to me,
 Tho' several ways that Falsified be.
 One only True Thing, the Basis of all
 Those Things whereby we any Thing do call.
 How Sleep does fly away, and what things still
 By Opticks I can Multiply at will.
 Phancie's Internal, th' Issue of our Brain,
 Th' internal parts only Motion contain:
 And he that studies Physicks first must know
 What Motion is, and what Motion can do.
 To Matter, Motion, I my self apply,
 And thus I spend my Time in *Italy*.
 I scribbled nothing o'er, nor then e'r wrought;
 I ever had a Mistress that me taught.
 Then leaving *Italy*, return we do
 To *Paris*, and its stately Fabricks view.
 Here with *Mersennus* I acquainted grew,
 Shew'd him of Motion what I ever knew.

He

He both Prais'd and Approv'd it, and so, Sir,
 I was Reputed a Philosopher.
 Eight Months elaps'd, I return'd, and thought good
 For to Connect what e'r I understood.
 That Principles at second hand more clear,
 By their Concatenation might appear.
 To various Matter various Motion brings
 Me, and the different Species of Things.
 Man's inward Motions and his Thoughts to know,
 The good of Government, and Justice too,
 These were my Studies then, and in these three
 Consists the whole Course of Philosophy.
 Man, Body, Citizen, for there I do
 Heap Matter up, designing three Books too.
 I th' interim breaks forth a horrid War,
 Injurious to my Study, and a Bar.
 In the year sixteen hundred forty, then
 Brake out a Sickness, whereof many Men
 Of Learning, languishing, gave up their breath
 At last, and yielded to impartial death.
 Wherewith when seized, he reputed was
 The Man that knew Divine and Humane Laws.
 The War's now hot, I dread to see it so,
 Therefore to *Paris* well-belov'd, I go.

Two years elaps'd, I published in Print
 My Book *de Cive* ; the new Matter in't
 Gratifi'd Learned Men, which was the Cause
 It was Translated, and with great Applause
 By several Nations, and great Scholars read,
 So that my Name was Famous, and far spread.
England in her sad Pangs of War, and those
 Commend it too, whom I do most oppose.
 But what's disadvantageous now, who wou'd,
 Though it be Just, ever esteem it Good ?
 Then I four years spent to contrive which way
 To Pen my Book *de Corpore*, Night and Day ;
 Compare together each Corporeal Thing,
 Think whence the known changes of Forms do spring.
 Inquire how I compel this *Proteus* may,
 His Cheats and Artifices to Display.
 About this time *Mersennus* was (by Name)
 A Friar Minorite, yet of Great Fame,
 Learned, Wise, Good, whose single Cell might be
 Prefer'd before an University.
 To him all Persons brought what e'r they found
 By Learning, if new Principle, or Ground,
 In clear and proper Phrase, without the Dress
 Of Gawdy Rhet'rick, Pride, Deceitfulness.

Which

Which he imparts to th' Learned, who might there
 Discuss them, or at leisure, any where
 Publish'd some Rare Inventions, to the Fame
 Of their own Author, with each Authors Name.
 About *Mersennus*, like an Axis, here
 Each Star wheel'd round, as in its Orb or Sphere.
England, Scotland, and Ireland was the Stage
 Of Civil War, and with its four years Rage,
 Harras'd and wasted was, Perfidious Fate
 Exil'd the Good, and Help'd the Profligate.
 Nay, *Charles*, the Kingdom's Heir, attended then,
 By a Retinue of Brave, Noble Men,
 To *Paris* came, in hope Times might amend,
 And Popular Fury once be at an end.
 My Book *de Corpore* then I design'd
 To write, all things being ready to my Mind.
 But must desist: such Crimes and Sufferings I
 Will not impute unto the Deity.
 First I resolv'd Divine Laws to fulfil;
 This by Degrees, and carefully I will.
 My Prince's studies I then waited on,
 But cou'd not constantly attend my own.
 Then for six Months was sick; but yet at length,
 Though very weak, I did recover strength,

And

And finish'd it in my own Mother-Tongue,
 To be read for the good of old and young.
 The Book at *London* Printed was, and thence,
 Hath visited the Neighbouring Nations since,
 Was Read by many a Great and Learned Man,
 Known by its dreadful Name, *LEVIATHAN*.
 This Book Contended with all Kings, and they
 By any Title, who bear Royal sway.
 In the mean time the King's fold by the *Scot*,
 Murder'd by th' *English*, an Eternal Blot.
 King *Charles* at *Paris* who did then reside,
 Had right to *England's* Scepter undeny'd.
 A Rebel Rout the Kingdom kept in aw,
 And rul'd the Giddy Rabble without Law,
 Who boldly *Parliament* themselves did call,
 Though but a poor handful of men in all.
 Blood-thirsty Leeches, hating all that's good,
 Glutted with Innocent and Noble Blood.
 Down go the Miters, neither do we see
 That they Establish the Presbytery.
 Th' Ambition of the stateliest Clergie-Men,
 Did not at all prevail in *England* then.
 Hence many Scholars to the King did go,
 Expel'd, Sad, Indigent, Burthensome too.

As yet my Studies undisturbed were,
 And my Grand Climacterick past one year.
 When that Book was perus'd by knowing Men,
 The Gates of *Janus* Temple opened then;
 And they accus'd me to the King, that I
 Seem'd to approve *Cromwel's* Impiety,
 And Countenance the worst of Wickedness:
 This was believ'd, and I appear'd no less
 Than a Grand Enemy, so that I was for't
 Banish'd both the King's Presence and his Court.
 Then I began on this to Ruminare
 On *Dorislau's*, and on *Ascham's* Fate,
 And stood amazed, like a poor Exile,
 Encompass'd with Terroure all the while:
 Nor cou'd I blame th' young King for his Assent
 To those Intrusted with his Government.
 Then home I came, not sure of safety there,
 Though I cou'd not be safer any where.
 Th' Wind, Frost, Snow sharp, with Age grown gray,
 A plunging Beast, and most unpleasant way.
 At *London*, lest I should appear a Spy,
 Unto the State my self I did apply;
 That done, I quietly retired to
 Follow my Study, as I us'd to do.

A Parliament so call'd did Govern here;
 There was no Prelate then, nor Presbyter.
 Nothing but Arms and Souldiers; one alone
 Design'd to Rule, and *Cromwel* was that one.
 What Royalist can there, or Man alive,
 Blame my Defence o'th Kings Prerogative?
 All Men did scribble what they wou'd, Content
 And yielding to the present Government.
 My Book *de Corpore* through this Liberty
 I wrote, which prov'd a constant War to me.
 The Clergy at *Leviathan* repines,
 And both of them oppos'd were by Divines.
 For whilst I did inveigh gainst Papal Pride,
 These, though Prohibited, were not deny'd
 To appear in Print: gainst my *Leviathan*
 They rail, which made it read by many a man,
 And did confirm't the more; 'tis hop'd by me,
 That it will last to all Eternity.
 'Twill be the Rule of Justice, and severe
 Reproof of those that Men Ambitious are.
 The King's Defence and Guard, the peoples Good,
 And satisfaction, read, and understood.
 I, two years after, Print a Book to shew
 How every Reader may himself well know.

Where I Teach *Ethicks*, the *Phantomes* of *Sense*,
 How th' *Wise* with *Spectres*, *fearless* may *dispense*.
 Publish'd my *Book de Corpore* withal,
 Whose *Matter's* wholly *Geometrical*.
 With great *Applause* the *Algebraists* then read
Wallis his *Algebra* now *Published*.
 A *Hundred years* that *Geometrick* *Pest*
 Ago began, which did that *Age* *Infect*.
 The *Art* of *finding out* the *Numbers* sought,
 Which *Diophantus* once, and *Gheber* *Taught*:
 And then *Vieta* tells you that by this,
 Each *Geometrick Problem* *Solved* is
Savil the *Oxford Reader* did *supply*
Wallis with *Principles* *Noble* and *High*,
 That *Infinite* had *end*, and *Finite* shou'd
 Have *parts*, but yet those without *end* allow'd.
 Both which *Opinions* did *Enrage* and *Scare*
 All those who *Geometricasters* were.
 This was enough to set me *Writing*, who
 Was then in years no less than *Seventy two*,
 And in *Six Dialogues* I do *Inveigh*
 Against that *new* and *Geometrick* *way*.
 But to no purpose, *Great Men* it doth *please*,
 And thus the *Medicine* yields to the *Disease*.

I Printed then two Treatises that stung
 The Bishop *Brambal*, in our Mother-Tongue.
 The Question at that Time was, and is still,
 Whether at God's, or our own Choice We Will.
 And this was the Result proceeding thence,
 He the Schools follow'd, I made use of Sense.
 Six Problems, not long after, Publish'd I,
 A Tract but small, yet pure Philosophy.
 Wherein I Teach how Nature does cast down
 All weighty Bodies, and huge massy Stone:
 How Vapors are exhaled by the Sun;
 How Winds engender Cold, when that is done.
 The Reason of their Levity, and how
 The Barren Clouds do hang on Heaven's Brow;
 How move, and when that they are pregnant grown
 With Moisture, do in violent Showers pour down.
 By what Cement hard Matter is conjoyn'd,
 And how Hard Things grow Soft, the Cause do find:
 Whence Lightning, Snow, Ice do proceed, and Thunder,
 Breaking through wat'ry Clouds, even to wonder:
 How Loadstones Iron attract: how, and which way
 They th' Arctick and Antarctick Poles obey.
 Why from the Sea unequal Waves do glide,
 I th' Year, or Month, each Day a double Tide;

And

And why a Ship doth Sail against the Wind,
 In that small Treatise all these things you find,
 Which may in time tread with applause the Stage,
 As yet unblam'd in such a Carping Age.
 The Nature of the Air I do discern
 In a small Volume; and most pithily,
 Compos'd on purpose for to obviate
 An Inanifick Machin form'd of late.
 Then, leaving *Physicks*, I return again
 To my Beloved *Mathematick* strain:
 For now the Barb'rous, Bloody Enemy
 Had left the place, where my Estate did ly.
 The Truth I cou'd not Teach; for none but Fools
 May hope t'Instruct in their declaming Schools.
 Another Book of Principles I Print,
 Nothing cou'd be more clear than what was in't.
 Whereby the Nature of Proportion is
 Explain'd so fully, none can say amiss.
 Upon this Subject most agreed that I
 Of every one had gain'd the Victory;
 Others seem in it to find Errors store,
 But they are crazy grown, and I the more
 Press upon them; then do ascend the high
 And lofty Summit of Geometry.

The Circles Quadrature I Publish then;
 The *Pythian* God's *Porisms* Teach all Men,
 By a new Method I thought to overcome,
 Though not by the same Reasons neither, some
 O'th' Former Demonstrations, but in vain.
 Mathematicians Half-Witted complain,
 Who blush for to Subscribe; but I'll not lose
 My Labour any longer, thinking those
 Indocile Brutes will ever master Sense,
 Or with good Literature ever dispense.
 Then my *Rosetum* was put forth, which I
 Stor'd with Rare Flowers of Geometry.
Wallis opposes, and I lost the day,
 As both *Divines* and *Algebraists* do say.
 The Army then Discamp'd, and gone, thereby
Wallis of nothing thinks, but Victory;
 Who having chosen an unpleasant Field,
 Which Thick and Troublesome deep Roots did yield,
 Liking the Combat, I turn, scatter quite
 All in a moment, Numbers Infinite.
 These were my Wars; what more have I to say?
 How Rich am I, that is, how wise, I pray?
 No matter for my Money or my Land;
 If any ask that, let him understand,

A small parcel of Ground I had to show,
 My own Inheritance, and let him know,
 That This I on my Brother did bestow:
 Of small Extent, but a most Fertile Ground,
 Which did with Store of bladed Wheat abound
 Fit for a Prince; and had not every thing
 Run cross, I had been counted a great King.
 When the Civil War approaching find,
 And people led by every breath of wind,
 I sought than this a more commodious place
 To live and study in, and that *Paris* was.
 Stock'd with five hundred pounds of Coin before
 I did depart, or leave my Native Shore;
 To these two hundred added, but withal,
 A Weighty Lasting Grief did me befall.
 (Thou'rt Dead, *Godolphin*, who lov'dst Reason, true
 Justice and Peace, Soldier Belov'd, Adieu)
 Twice forty pounds, a yearly Pension, then
 I from my own Country receiv'd; and when
 King *Charles* restored was, a hundred more
 Was allow'd me out of his private Store.
 A Noble Gift: I slight Reproaches, when
 I know I'm Good, from other Black-mouth'd Men.

Content with this, desire no more Pelf;
Who but a Mad-man lives beneath himself;
Let my Estate by yours Computed be,
And greater seem, if not it's enough for me.
My Sums are small, and yet live happy so,
Richer than *Cæsar* far, and *Cæsar* too.
Verdusius, thou know'st my Temper well,
And those who read my Works, and with thee dwell,
My Life and Writings speak one Congruous Sense;
Justice I Teach, and Justice Reverence.
None but the Covetous, we Wicked call,
For Avarice can do no good at all.
I've now Compleated my Eighty fourth year,
And Death approaching, prompts me not to fear.

A Weighty lasting Grief did me befall.
(Thou'rt Dead, *Godolphin*, who lov'dst Reason true
Justice and Peace, Soldier Belov'd, Adieu)
Twice forty pounds a yearly Pension, then
I from my own Country receiv'd; and when

King *Charles* restor'd was, a hundred more
Was allow'd me out of his private Store.

A Noble Gift: I sig. *FINIS* when
I know I'm Good from other Black-mouth'd Men.